

Origines Bathenses:

<sup>K</sup>  
OR, THE

ORIGIN of the BATH,

A

11602. f. 23

1-7. ✓

BURLESQUE.

To which is added, the

W R I N K L E.

Two curious PIECES

Found among the Papers of a very learned  
and ingenious Gentleman deceas'd.

---

*Fictæ Vates sed vera loquuntur.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and  
Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. 1736.

[Price Six-Pence.]

Over the Mountains

and the Sea

by the Author of the

History of the

Islands of the

South Sea

W. H. L. S. W.

Two



London

Printed by

W. H. L. S. W.

1800

W. H. L. S. W.

1800

W. H. L. S. W.


1800



# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

## R E A D E R.

HE Editor can assure the Publick, that these two curious Pieces were wrote by a learned and ingenious Gentleman ; a Person of a considerable Fortune, who never had any Thoughts of publishing them ; but wrote them entirely for his own Diversion. He used to recite them to his Friends on proper Occasions ; as the Editor had often heard him with a vast deal of Pleasure, and the Approbation of very able Judges. But for fear they should be mangled and cook'd up by some of his Hearers, the Editor, into whose Hands all his Papers of this Nature were deliver'd after his Decease, thought proper to do Justice to his Memory, and publish them just as they lay, for which he has the original Manuscript to produce for a Proof. He verily believes several Persons would be glad to be thought the Author of them ; but  
the



*the true Author would not, for Reasons best known to himself. Every one sees the Origin of the Bath is an entire Fiction: And tho' there might be some scandalous Practices the Author exposes in a ludicrous Way for a good End; yet he was persuaded, and often declared so, that a Thousand virtuous Persons might frequent those celebrated Waters on very just and laudable Motives; and even ought to do so, if their Health, by the Advice of Physicians, required it. Let the Virtuous justly enjoy the Benefits Nature has provided for them in those solutary Fountains; and the Vicious have their scandalous Practices lash'd as they deserve.*







*Origines Bathenses:*

O R, T H E

Origin of the BATH.



Hilosophers, who peep and pore  
In Mother Nature's secret Store,  
Do make a strange scholastick  
Rout

To find the Chain of Causes out ;

When't may be, all this War and Pother

Is, I say this, and you say t'other :

Sometimes they argue, oftner wrangle,

And all is one eternal Jangle ;

While

While sacred Truth still hidden lies  
 As deep, as to the Earth from Skies.  
 Each have their Whims, but must submit  
 To Poets, who the Mark can hit,  
 With better Humour and more Wit,  
 And often give a clearer Cause  
 Of Matters, than precarious Laws.  
 Those run mad on Speculation,  
 But Poets write by Inspiration:  
 Those deal in Mysteries abstruse,  
 But these in Things of daily use.

Ask the cunning Sophist, why  
 The Thunder rattles in the Sky;  
 He'll say, 'tis by Antipathy  
 Of Heat and Cold; or else some Vapour  
 Drawn up and fir'd by Sol's bright Taper:  
 Or, that the Clouds so hard *Attract*  
 Each other, 'till at length they're crack'd

While

While th' Exploſion by rebound  
From Pole to Pole is bandied round.

But Poets without more ado  
Will tell you plainly, 'tis not ſo:  
That Thunder, tho' ſo very loud  
Is *Jove* a farting thro' a Cloud:  
Sometimes for's Eaſe, or in a Frolick,  
Or when h'as got the roaring Colick,  
The far-off Dump and ſolemn Rumble  
Is only when his Bowels grumble;  
But if it grows obſtreperous,  
It is the Scolding of his Spouſe,  
Who out of Breath, or worſted, cries,  
And Streams of Rain pour from her Eyes;  
Which Sophs will tell ye, is the Squeeze  
Of Clouds, as Whey is preſs'd from Cheeſe.

The



The same wise Sophisters will fay,  
 The Brightness of the milky Way  
 Are huddled Stars Attracted close,  
 And almost grown a fiery Mass:  
 But Poets know 'tis the High-road  
 That leads unto the God's Abode;  
 Which one of yore did wisely call  
*Jove's Morning Walk from Heav'n's Whiteball.*

Thus *Sol*, when he's ecclips'd of Light,  
 Is sporting with the Queen of Night;  
 And *Luna*, who then loves the Dark  
 Has drawn the Curtain round her Spark;  
 But if ecclips'd herself, they'll tell ye  
 She's only hiding her big Belly.  
 The Coribants beat Drum and Tabor  
 To drown the Screamings of her Labour.

The

The cleaning of the After-birth  
 Is what makes Mortals sick on Earth :  
 For at that Time some make such moaning,  
 As if they really were a groaning.

When *Ceres* leaves the naked Fields,  
 The barren Winter nothing yields ;  
 For then she's gone a searching after  
 Dame *Proserpine*, her romping Daughter,  
 Who runs a gadding to the Shades,  
 Or skulks among the Antipodes.  
 The teeming Fruit next Summer shews,  
 There's something more than Vulgar knows.

Hail ! sacred Poets, you are they  
 I mean to follow in my Way ;  
 With you I'll dare to mount as high  
 As *Pegasus's* Wings can fly :

B

Or

Or search the Bowels of the Earth,  
 To find the Origin and Birth  
 Of *Bath* and *Wells*, whose Waters are  
 So salutary to the Fair.

I shall not mind those subtle Sires,  
 Who talk of subterraneous Fires,  
 Which make the Element as hot  
 As Water boiling in a Pot;  
 Nor hearken to sophistick Fustian,  
 Which draws the Cause from fierce Combustion  
 Of jarring *Minerals* ; but bring  
 A more celestial Origin ;  
 So leaving philosophick Fufs  
 If you would know, it happen'd thus.

Bright *Venus* having been betray'd  
 At play with *Mars*, and Captive made  
 With



With Net of Steel, which kept her in  
 Stronger than matrimonial Gin,  
 Resolv'd; on what? Not to be chaste;  
 She knew that Mind would never last:  
 But that for fear of Iron trapping  
 She never would be caught a Napping.  
 For since her *Sentinel* had fail'd her  
 And peeping *Sols* base Rays reveal'd her;  
 By former Sufferings made fearful,  
 For Time to come she'd be more careful.  
 Besides, to Love was added Spite,  
 That *Vulcan* should get nothing by't :  
 For Husband's Horns as often spring  
 From Spite, as any other Thing.  
 'Tis wrong, that Women always prove  
 False to their first and plighted Love,  
 Because they cannot quench Desire,  
 Or that they burn with endless Fire ;

No, 'tis Revenge, that often makes them  
 Reprisals take, when Hubb forsakes them.  
 For if they lose the Husband's Heart,  
 They'll wound him in the tend'rest Part.  
 Then Husbands, have a care of fighting  
 Your loving Wives; 'tis worse than Fighting:  
 Woman's Revenge is fierce and horrid;  
 It aims directly at the Forehead;  
 The dire Enchantress, for a Jest,  
 Will turn a Man into a Beast.

But to return to *Venus*, who  
 Had other Reasons, and knew how  
 To chuse a Gallant fit and proper,  
 Nor could her late Disasters stop her;  
 But when she had a Mind to sport  
 To Northern \* Climes she would resort,

\* i. e. The Northern Parts of the World.

Where

Where mindful of her late Surprise,  
 To be secure from jealous Eyes  
 She chose for amorous Retreat  
 The flow'ry Hills of *Somerſet*.  
 There in a Cave the God of War  
 Gave what ſhe could not have elſewhere,  
 A Cave ſhe fought, left *Sol's* fierce Spite  
 Once more ſhould dart his treach'rous Light.

When thus for many a merry Day  
 They paſſ'd the ſtolen Hours away,  
 And many a bitter Gibe and Jeer  
 Poor *Vulcan's* Head was forc'd to bear:  
 One Time it hapt, for Rules of State  
 The God too long had made her wait;  
 For ev'ry Nymph, when gain'd, is truer  
 To Time and Place, than is the Woo'er:  
 She look'd and look'd; nor could diſcover  
 Leaft Shadow of the tardy Lover:

Impatient



Impatient thus alone she staid,  
 Sometimes enrag'd ; sometimes afraid  
 Of some unlucky Accident,  
 Which might the wish'd for Joys prevent:  
 At length, with anxious Care oppress'd,  
 A gentle Slumber seiz'd her Breast :  
 So sliding softly on the Ground  
 She fell into a Sleep profound,  
 And dreaming on the Joys she mist,  
 Unluckily, she all be pist  
 Herself, her Garments, and what not ;  
 And almost overflow'd the Grot.  
 The Element came bursting out  
 As fierce as from a Pump or Spout:  
 For Gods, being of a higher Stature,  
 Have vast Discharges of their Nature.  
 She wak'd: And as she wond'ring stood  
 To see the unexpected Flood,

The

The God arriv'd, no less amaz'd,  
 And first as at Mishap displeas'd;  
 But Causes known his Fancy tickle  
 So much to find her in that pickle,  
 That at th' Event he laugh'd outright:  
 The Goddess vex'd, 'twixt Shame and Spite  
 Broke thus into ecstasick Rapture,  
 This Stream, that causes so much Laughter  
 Shall to succeeding Ages prove  
 The grand Resource for Pains of Love:  
 Here for the future I'll dispense  
 My universal Influence  
 O'er Maids and Wives, and make them kind  
 And pliant as the yielding Wind.  
 No Nymph so rigid or obdurate,  
 But who in spite of canting Curate  
 Shall melt like Wax, and every Day  
 Her Offerings on my Altar lay.

The

The awkward, Country, blushing Maid,  
 Who us'd to be of Man afraid,  
 Shall here put on another Grace,  
 Grown conscious of her Bloom and Face,  
 And soon shall learn t'improve a Passion  
 As well as those of higher Station.  
 Such rare Examples she shall see,  
 Such universal Gallantry,  
 That she shall think it rude Behaviour  
 And foolish to refuse a Favour.

But, above all, this Spring shall be  
 Renown'd for causing *Pregnancy*:  
 In those I mean, who forc'd to marry  
 Find not at Home what's necessary:  
 And, by a new-found Influence,  
 The most inveterate Impotence,  
 Shall



Shall find a wonderful Supply.  
 And to unfold the Mystery;  
 'Tis not by rend'ring Husband quicker,  
 Or any new restoring Liquor,  
 But by the Help of able Vicar :  
 For he may be a Vicar stil'd,  
 Who for another gets a Child,  
 As well as he who for the Rector  
 Beats Pulpit Cushion, or reads Lecture.  
 This Spring such wonderful Effects  
 Shall operate on either Sex,  
 That ev'n a Groom may give an Heir  
 To Duke, or Lord, or Knight, or 'Squire.  
 Of Vicars my foreseeing Care  
 Sufficient Numbers shall prepare,  
 Tall, streight, clean limb'd, well set and strong,  
 The very Sight shall make her long,

C

And.

And feel such inward Exultation,  
 Such lively hopes of wish'd Fecundation,  
 As foolish Hubby ne'er could give her,  
 Altho' he were to burst his Liver;  
 That when she comes to meet the Joy,  
 She's sure to have a chopping Boy.  
 Hence Heirs to great Estates shall rise,  
 For which she long fatigu'd the Skies;  
 And Sons shall lord it out in State,  
 Whose Fathers scarce knew where to eat:  
 Thus Chance sometimes shall furnish Heirs  
 To what was once their Ancesters.

Besides, I'll order Matters so,  
 That jealous Husband ne'er shall know,  
 No, nor suspect that ought's a doing,  
 When his dear Turtle goes a Cooing.

Such

Such learned Matrons I'll provide,  
 So well experienced to guide  
 Her trembling Steps to Place of Lover,  
 That *Sol* himself shall ne'er discover :  
 Or else, if need be, I can lay  
 Some charming Bait in Husband's Way,  
 That he shall chuse to steal abroad  
 O'erjoy'd that Spouse suspects no Fraud:  
 Thus free from jealous Noise or Pother  
 They lovingly deceive each other.

Well then, when Wives are in Despair  
 Of Help at home ; or want an Heir,  
 To save a sinking Family,  
 Or put ungrateful Kindred by:  
 Let them in the springing Weather  
 Entice their loving Husbands hither.

Ten thousand Reasons they can find,  
 If churlish Hubb should prove unkind,  
 Ten thousand Illnesses can feign,  
 Can tease and whine, cajole, complain :  
 If this wont do to gain her Ends,  
 The Mother, or the Female Friends,  
 Shall whisper Secrets in his Ear  
 Of various Ills which Women bear ;  
 Of Stoppages and Ulcerations,  
 Profluvia's Menstrual, Distillations,  
 With twenty other Things that vex,  
 And hourly plague the qualmy Sex :  
 So that he ne'er must hope for Heir  
 Unless to *Bath* she do repair.  
 Thus the poor Man is quite outwitted,  
 And Spouse with Coach, or Pad befitted,  
 To bear her to the teeming Flood,  
 Which is to do her so much good.

When



When she's arriv'd, the Doctors straight  
 Are summon'd in to close Debate,  
 Who, when they've found her Constitution,  
 Will quickly come to Resolution,  
 And tell her what, and how, and why,  
 As best for her Capacity ;  
 And why mayn't Doctors have the Skill  
 To give new Life, as well as kill ?  
 The Matrons too will bid her venture,  
 And sure they are, it will content her ;  
 Give her Examples of high Titles  
 Who without this had still been Childes.  
 And tho' before they had been barren,  
 Now breed like Conies in a Warren :  
 Not once a Month, but in Proportion  
 Allowing sometimes for Abortion,  
 Full many a Year from this first trying  
 At every twelve Months were down lying.

By these Encouragements drawn in,  
 She hopes the End will save the Sin.  
 At first she tries with fear and quaking,  
 But finds the Phyfick is fo taking,  
 That she's resolv'd, when e'er she can,  
 To try it o'er and o'er again.  
 Then mark the Wonders which I fpeak,  
 She that before was green as Leek \*  
 Is now with fresh Vermilion fpread,  
 Her Cheeks are glowing, Lips turn'd red:  
 And tho' she thought it paff believing,  
 She really thinks she is conceiving.  
 Her Husband pleas'd to fee her mended,  
 Thinks all his Charges well expended:  
 And she as kindly tells him too  
 " As I am better, fo are you:

\* Women look better at first Conceiving, but pule and puke afterwards.

" Methinks

" Methinks this *Bath* has strange Effects

" Upon you Men, as on our Sex;

" For I by certain Signs can tell,

" My dearest Hubb was ne'er so well;

" I'm sure your're stronger, abler grown,

" As something for it may be shewn

" In its due Time —— to say no more.

Like Amazon when Season's o'er,

Back they return to native Seat;

The Husband swears h'as done the Feat;

And rallying tells her, sure he is

The Fault before was none of his:

At ten Months end out comes the Boy,

Poor Cuckow can't contain his Joy,

But struts about and cocks his Chin,

And calls his loving Neighbours in:

The Steeples ring, the Bowls are crown'd

And Bantling's Health is bandied round.

The

The Goddeſs paus'd a while, then ſaid,  
 Theſe Bleſſings are enough to ſpread  
 The Fame of what this Spring ſhall be,  
 How uſeful to Poſterity:  
 Yet there are others which ſhall bear  
 Its Reputation far and near.

When tender Virgins are deceiv'd,  
 And left by Lovers unreliev'd,  
 Here they may come and eaſe their Pinings,  
 One Draught of this will ſtop their Whinings.  
 This is the *Lethe* of their Cares,  
 This turns the Current of their Tears,  
 And ſends them off by other Ways,  
 That is, it opes the Paſſages,  
 Hiſtericks, Vapours, Wind and Flatus  
 Shall all go off thro' fit *Meatus*.

Then



Then without either Drugs or Doses  
 It cures the *Jaundice* and *Chlorosis*;  
 Here they may find a Spouse, or Lover,  
 And then the Malady is over.

Has any Maiden, by mishap,  
 Or two much kindness, made false Step,  
 So that she is not *Integra*;  
 Altho' so far I will not say,  
 That what is lost it will restore;  
 Yet here she may like many more,  
 And those sometimes of high Degree,  
 Pass as a Maid for Company:  
 Nay, if the Evil's so far gone  
 That by th' Effects it will be shewn,  
 Let her come here, and I'll contrive  
 That nothing shall come out alive.

No Place so proper to restore  
 Her Health, as well as 'twas before;  
 And Constitutions broke to Pieces  
 Shall be renew'd, as Men do Leases.  
 Yet more; such Artists may be found,  
 To knit what's rent, and make all sound,  
 That few or none shall hit the Blot,  
 Or dream there ever was a Fault.

Now, as for short and slender Fortunes,  
 When yet for Marriage Age importunes,  
 'Tis no hard Matter to effect,  
 Provided she'll be circumspect,  
 Or feign high Birth, or put gay Clothes on,  
 To catch one Fool among a thousand.

I should your Ears and Patience too  
 Quite tire, if all this Stream shall do

I here should stay you to declare,  
 Or dwell on each particular.  
 In sum, all these great Feats and more,  
 If *Venus* has not lost her Pow'r,  
 It shall perform——. Then turns her round,  
 And stamping thrice upon the Ground,  
 Cries, “ Sacred Waters, gently flow,  
 “ Glide thro’ the Rocks, and rise below  
 “ A bubbling Spring, for ever fam’d,  
 “ And *Bath* per Excellence be nam’d.

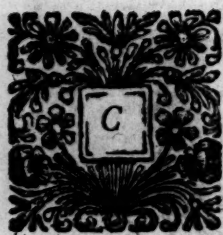




THE  
WRINKLE:  
OR,  
*Celia's Surprise.*

BEING  
The real Case of a certain Lady who  
had refused several advantageous  
Offers of Marriage.

*Tandem aliquando.*



CELIA long had triumph'd o'er  
Of Lovers many a hundred  
Score,  
And by her Cruelty had slain  
The bravest Youths of all the Plain;  
Nay, oft thro' Virtue, or thro' Pride,  
Her dearest Wishes had deny'd:

How



How thick the flutt'ring Beaus beset her!

And daily dress'd and powder'd at her!

While she, as hard as any Stone,

Smil'd at their Pain and jeer'd their Moan:

Pleas'd with her Pow'r, she never thought

Herself in fear of being caught.

Thus she went on, from Day to Day,

Affecting universal Sway;

Each Morn fate musing in her Bed

Which way she might her Conquests spread,

And by what pow'rful Charms, or Arts,

Or bend, or break the proudest Hearts.

For to catch Hearts and be thought fair

Sleeping, or waking was her Care:

This was the Idol of her Soul,

This cou'd the fiercest With controul;

For this the Earth, and Seas, and Air,

Are stript of all that's choice and rare,

'Twas this employ'd bright *Cella's* Thought,  
Before her Chocolate was brought.

One fatal Morn, and as some say,  
'Twas just upon *Valentine's* Day,  
She thought her Spirits not so bright,  
And really had a tumbling Night.  
Whether some om'nous Dream possess'd  
Her fair, but throbbing, anxious Breast;  
Or Monkey sick, or China broke,  
Foreboded some more dismal Stroke;  
Or whether, thrice eight Years had made  
Her fear her blooming Charms might fade;  
Or whether Guardian *Sylph* design'd  
To mollify her stubborn Mind,  
And towards a Husband bend her Care,  
The *non plus ultra* of the Fair:

But

But up she got, and scarcely knew  
Whether she were herself or no.

So Silk slipt on in careless Haste,  
Before her Glass her Form she plac'd,  
Then forth in Order due she brings  
Those little pretty useful Things,  
With which she artfully corrects  
The Wants of Nature and Defects;  
Pomatus, Paint and Patches stand  
With Washes ready at her Hand,  
And all the other Helps for Faces  
Which elevate, or add new Graces.  
For tho' the Stars out-shining Eye  
Be Beauty's great Artillery,  
The Helps of Art we justly call  
The Magazine and Arsenal,

From

From whence with small Shot they supply,  
 When Fire ceases from the Eye.  
 These all lookt o'er with nicest View,  
 For she had little else to do,  
 She sits consulting with her Glass  
 What Changes Sleep had given her Face;  
 What Pimples ris'n, what were gone:  
 What damage caus'd by Wind or Sun;  
 For she had been the Day before  
 Expos'd to th' Air an Hour or more:  
 Where Red and White where to be blended,  
 Or where the Skin was to be mended;  
 Or where with Patches she might add  
 New Lustre by contrary Shade.  
 While thus with nicest Care and Art  
 She views and studies every Part,  
 Struck on a Sudden with Surprise,  
 Ye Gods! can I believe my Eyes?

What's



What's this I see? What is't I fear?  
 Something like *Wrinkles* does appear!  
 Avert, ye Stars, the hated Sight!  
 Was't this disturb'd me all the Night?  
 Ah! 'tis too true — Here Breathless stops,  
 And down upon her Couch she drops,  
 Which *Betty* in the next Room hearing,  
 And something yet more dismal fearing,  
 Came rushing in with eager Haste,  
 And catching her around the Waste,  
 Alas! dear Madam, what's the Matter?  
 Your Shrieks have made me spoil the Water.  
 Undone! undone! she cries aloud!  
 See, all my Face with *Wrinkles* plow'd!  
*Celia* is lost! she is no more;  
 For who will now her Charms adore?  
 Here stops again — when *Betty* cries  
 Alas! I see them round your Eyes,

E

And

And some as deep, and look as horrid,  
 As those that furrow *Clue's* Forehead.  
 I thought I saw them long ago,  
 But never dar'd to tell you so;  
 Howe'er, take Courage, and we'll try  
 What may be done by Industry:  
 With Paint and Patches yet perhaps  
 We may stop up those dismal Gaps;  
 As Masons first found out the Way  
 To stop up Chinks with plaister'd Clay.

But yet, I'd give you this Advice,  
 Since you of Lovers still have Choice,  
 To take the first and never tarry,  
 For sure you are resolv'd to marry;  
 This we all judge our utmost Scope,  
 This is the Center of our Hope.

*Corinna* wisely took more Care;  
 And *Silvia* fell into the Snare:  
 Proud *Florimel* was forc'd to stoop,  
 And *Stella* to enlarge her Hoop:  
*Belinda*, who propos'd to h've had  
 A Coach and six, now rides on a Pad.  
 By these Examples grow more wise,  
 And ply your Arts, as well as Eyes;  
 Poor Love-sick *Damon* yet will take ye,  
 And a good, fond, dull Husband make ye:  
 I'll call him up, he waits below;  
 As she foresaw, it happen'd so.  
 The Swain paid on his Knees his Vows,  
 And found the Nymph propitious.  
 But roguish *Cupid*, who stood by,  
 And mark'd the Tragi-Comedy,  
 Runs gigling out, I've found the Way  
 To make the proudest Nymph obey.

Nay more than e'er my powerful Bow,  
 Tho' drawn up to the Head, cou'd do;  
 Give her but Wrinkles, then she'll catch  
 The first that comes within her Reach.

*The M O R A L.*

The Fair are Fools, who waste their Prime,  
 And by their Pride o'er stay their Time;  
 For then they're forc'd to stoop to those,  
 At whom before they toss'd their Nose.





EPIGRAMS.

*On a Person who was mighty tender  
of telling a Lye.*

**C**RITO for Truth, is rigidly severe,  
The least wry Word offends his tender  
Ear,

He never lies, but when he is to swear.

Hold—Never is too much ; there I mistake,

He'll lie sometimes for Kirk and Party Sake.



*On* EQUIVOCATORS.

**W**HAT saving Rules Equivocators give  
To speak the Truth, yet all the World  
deceive ?

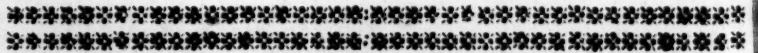
To

To swear, forswear, accuse, assert, recant,  
With the devout Assurance of a Saint:  
O! that they would, for more Security,  
Give us a Rule to know they do not lie.



W O M E N S *Modesty.*

**W**OMEN are modest when they will,  
And therein lies their greatest Skill.



A N O T H E R.

**W**HEN *Cloe* does the greatest Ill,  
In spite of Shame she's modest still.

CLOE

CLOE *Masqu'd.*

**W**HAT need of that disguising Dress?

*Cloe* deny thy self no more:

Unless thou would'st thy Soul express:

But that was all Disguise before.



A N O T H E R.

**W**HEN *Cloe* masks, without all doubt,

She turns the inside Colour out.

F I N I S.

( 32 )

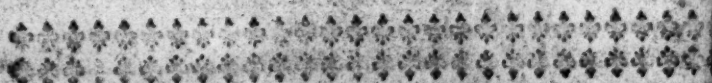
CLARENDON

WHAT need of that shining Disk?

Can deny thy self no more!

Let's then would'st thy soul express!

But that was all Dignity before.



ANOTHER



WHEN can we, without all doubt,

She turns the Indian Colour out.

FINIS